IN THE SECON STORY

NEW SERIES-VOL. 3 NO. 41.

LANCASTER, OHIO,

The Kancaster Gazette.

CITY OF LANCASTER.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY MORNING. John A. Collins, Publisher & Proprietor. GEORGE W. MAC ELBOY, Editor. OPPICE-Old Public Building-Southeast corner of the Public Square.

Terms of Subscription to the Gazette. One year in advance, \$2,00; at the expiration of the year, \$2,50; Clubs of 10, \$15.00; Clubs of 25, \$30,00 Torms of Advertising

| | Amin Season | OR SPREE | O-C-STORES | The second second second |
|-----------------|-------------|-----------|--------------|--------------------------|
| One Square, 1 | | | | ons\$1,00 |
| | | Months | 6 Months | 12 Months |
| One Square | | . 99.00 | 24.50 | 26.00 |
| Two w | | | 6.60 | |
| Three " | | | 8.60 | |
| Four " | | | 9,08 | |
| One-fourth | | | | |
| One-third | 44 | 9100 | 10.00 | 15.06 |
| Half | W | | 13,00 | 505.00 |
| One | 45 | 14,00 | 30,00 | 49,00 |
| H. Bustans | s cards | not excao | ding alz lin | as, insurted |
| at five dollars | | | | 2 2 4 10 10 10 10 10 10 |
| II PTransie | nt adve | rtisement | s handed | in without |

the number of insertions marked, will be continued until ordered aut and charged at the anexy rates.

If P Legal advertisements, Administrator's notices do., be paid for in advance.

Thursday Morning, Feb. 14, 1856 Lot Us Try to be Mappy.

Let us try and be happy! We may if we will.

Find some pleasures in like to extratance the fill;
There was never an evil, if well understead.

But what, rightly managed, would ture to a good,

If we were but as zeafy to look to the light.

As we are to sit moping because it is sight.

We should swn it a truth; both in word, and in deed,

That who trice to be happy is sure to succeed.

Let us try to be happy? Some shades of segret.
Are sure to hang round, which we cannot forget.
There are times when the lightest of spirits must be
And the sunniest face wear a cloud of its brow;
We must never bid feelings, the purest and best,
To its binnied and cold in our become at rest;
But the deeper our sens griefs, the greater our need.
To try to be happy lest other blood.

Oh! try to be happy! It is not for long
We shall cheer on each other by counsel or song;
If me make the best use of the time that we may,
There is much we can do to entiven the way.
Let us a nly in carcastricus each do our best.
Before Ged and our consciouse and treat for the re
Still taking his truth, both in word and it deed,
That who refer to be happy is sure to successed.

There is Something Good in Alt. In the bright blue heavens above us,
On the smiling earth below.
In the hourts of friends that love us,
In the thorny paths we know:
There is something awest to blass us,
There is something sweet to choos,
As the gentle winds careas us,
As the blooming cowers appear.

As the angel breathings meet we.
From some spirit fount of joy.
While all radiant gleries great us,
With hear beautiful coupley.
In the grief-dimental world without us,
in the spirit world within.
Something good for us to win.

Then let hope is bright before un,

Prom our immost spirit, fooling
There is still an augol-call.
To the heart this trust povealing,
There is something good in all!

A FIRST-RATE LOVE STORY.

It is our taste to have things of this kind

done semething in this way.

Annie had arrived at the mature age of (do not start, reader,) twenty-seven, and yet in a state of single-blessedness. Somea simple question! Did you ever know half a million of dollars to go begging?—Offers? Yes, scores of them. It may be accounted as one of her oddities, perhaps, but whenever the subject happened to touched upon by her father, Annie would say that she wanted some one who could love her for herself, and she must have assurance of this, and how could she in her present position? Thus matters stood when Annie was led to form and execute what will appear a very strange resolution; but she was a resolute girl. We must now go

One dark, rainy morning in November, as our old friend was looking composedly at the cheerful fire in the grate of his counting-room, really indulging in some serious reflections on the past and future, the far future, too, a gentleman presented him-self and enquired for Mr. Bremen. The old gentleman attered not a word but merely bowed. There was that in his looks which said, 'I am he.'

The stranger might have been some thirty years of age. He was dressed in black, a mourning weed was on his has, and there was something in his appearance which seemed to indicate that his friend whose loss he deplored had recently departed. The letter of introduction which he presented to Mr. Bremen was quickly, yet carefully perused, and as it was somewhat unique, we shall take the liberty of care of itself.' submitting it to the inspection of the read- 'I see, I see,

____, 11 mo., 18.-Friend Paul-This will introduce to thee Charles Copeland. He has come to thy city in pursuit of business. I have known him from a youth up. Thou mayest depend upon for aught that he can do, and shall not lean as on a broken reed .-If thou can'st do anything for him thou bause to rejoice.

Thy former and present friend. 'MICAH LOOMIS.'

It is not every one who can get old Micah Loomis' endorsement of his character, said Paul Bremen to himself, as he was a folded up the letters of a well known asso-forth. ciate of former days. 'Old Micah is good for a quarter of a million, or anything else | you get a wife?" -it will do I want him-business inereasing-must have more help-now as well as any time.

The old gentleman looked at all this as he stood gazing in perfect silence on the man before him. At length he opened his He, for the first time, made a blot on the

fair page before him.

"I have had some few years experience." | -- poor enough to be sure-what of that - | bation. It is not every

'None in the world.' 'When can you begin?'

A real smile shone on the old man's face. It lingared there like the rays of the setting sun among the clouds of evening. lighting up those seemingly hard, dark fea-

passed away, you would have thought the old men and the young man had known each other for years.

The first return nome at the control of man and the young man had known form to Charles, saying:

*Copeland, you'll oblige me by leaving

he had outered into business, he had not else." After a few years of success in the pursuits to which he had devoted himself, misfortune came thick and fast upon him. He found himself left with scarcely any properfound himself left with scarcely any proper-ty, and alone in the world, save his two lovely daughters.

'She is not in, but is ly; will you be sented?'

There was an ease an

he possessed a treasure.

ing room. Thus six years went by, towards the close of which period old Mr.
Bremen was found looking with much frequency and earnestness at the young man

'Mr. Copeland.' Charles bowed. before him. Comething was evidently brewing in that old head. What could it curiously. The Irish servant was puzzled. 'Sure' said James 'something's coming.'-Annie, too, was somewhat perplexed, for those looks dwel't much on her.

she said to him one morning at the breakfast table, as he sat gasing steadfastly in ber face. 'What is it?'

'I wish you'd have kim!' burst forth like an avalance. 'Known him for six years-

true as a ledger--a gentleman-real sensi-ble man-den's talk much-regular as a clook-prime for business-worth his weight in gold.' 'Have who, father? What are you talk

ing about?" 'My head clerk, Copeland—you don't know him—I do—havn't seen anybody else worth an old quill."

Annie was puzzled. She laughed, however, and said: 'Marry my father's clerk! What would

the world say?" 'Humbug, ohild, all humbug-worth

how or other, she had not even fallen in forty of your whiskered, lounging, lazy love as yet. 'Had she, no offers?' What gentry—say what they please—what do I care?-what do you care?-what's money after all?—got enough of it—want a sensi-ble man—want somebody to take care of it—all humbug.'
'What's all humbug, father?'

'Why, people's notions on these mat-ters, Copeland is poor, so was I once, may he again, world's full of changes, seen a great many of them in my day, can't stay here long, got to leave you, Annie, -wish you'd like him.'

'Father, are you serious?'
'Serious, child!' And he looked so. Annie was a chip of the old block, a strong minded, resolute girl. A new idea

emed to strike her. 'Father, if you are really serious in this matter, I'll see this Copeland; I'll get acquainted with him. If he likes me, and I like him, I'll have him. But he shall love me for myself alone; I must know it. Will

you leave the matter to me?" 'Go shead, my child, and do as you like. Good morning.'
Stop a moment, father. I shall alter my name a little; I shall appear to be a poor girl, a companion of our friend, Mrs. Rich ards, in H --- street; she shall know the

whole affair; you shall call me by my middie name, Peyton; I shall be a relative of yours; you shall suggest the business of Mr. Copeland, as you call him, and arrange for the first interview. The rest will take 'I see, I see,' and one of those rare

smiles illuminated his whole face. It actually got between his lifes, parted them a-sunder, glanced upon a set of teeth but little the worse for wear, and was resting there when he left the house for his counting room. The twilight of that smile was not yet gone when he reached the wellknown spot, and bowed and looked "good morning' to those in his employ, for old mayest peradventure benefit thyself, and Paul was, after his fashion, a polite man. On the morning of that day what looks were directed to our friend Charles! so many, so peculiar, so full of something. that she head clork could not but notice them, and that too with some alarm, What was coming? At last the volcano burst

'Copsland, my good fellow, why don't

Had a thunderbolt fallen at his feet he ould not have been more astounded. Did Mr. Bremen say that, and in the counting practiced upon our friend Charles. As, room, too? The very ledger seemed to however, our Lord commended the 'unjust blush at the introduction of such a subject. steward because he acted wisely,' so I sup-

'I say-why don't you get a wife?-

'Any objections to a place here—pretty a fortune a wife, you know—a sort of rela-less work—a thousand a year.' a fortune a wife, you know—a sort of rela-tion of mine—don't want to meddle with which surrounds the wealthy, and

happier -must see her.'
Now the fact is that Charles had for some tima past thought so himself; but how the old man should completely divine his feelings was quite a puzzle to him. In the course of the day a note was put into Mr. A stool was pushed to the new comer, Bremen's hands by James, his Irish servbooks were opened, and matters explained, ant, the contents of which produced anothdirections given, the pen was dipped in or grim sort of smile. When the moment the ink, and in short before an hour had for his return home arrived, Mr. B. hand-

In reference to our new friend, it will be that at No. 67, H-street. Place it onsufficient to remark that he had been liber-ally educated, as the phrase goes, and the directed-don't want to trust it to any one

neglected the cultivation of his mind and heart. He had found time to cherish a Richards, No. 67 H--street. The door general acquaintance with the most note- bell was rung. The servant ushered Copeworthy authors of the day, both literary land into a small, west parlor, where sat a and religious, and with many of past times. lady apparently twenty-five or thirty years

There was an ease and quiotness, and an As year after year passed away he grew air of self-command about this person steadily in the confidence of his employer, which seemed to Copeland peculiar. He who felt, though he said it not, that in him felt at ease at once, (you always do with e possessed a treasure.

Very little, indeed was said by either of remark, which was immediately responded them not connected with the routine of bu- to; then another; and soon the conversation siness, and there had been no intercourse grew so interesting that Mrs. Richards was whatever between them, save in the count- nearly forgotten. Her absence was strange-

'Miss Peyton.' The young lady bowed; and thus they were introduced. There be? And then, too, at home he looked so was no particular reason for remaining any longer, and our friend took his departure. That night Annie said to Mr. B. 'I like

his appearance, father.' 'Forward-march,' said old Paul, and he looked at his daughter with vast faction.

The old man's as swate to-night as a new potato,' said James to the cook. The next day Charles Copeland camvery near writing several times' 'To Miss

Peyton, Dr., as he was making out some bills of merchandise sold. 'Delivered the papers last evening?' Copeland bowed. Mrs. Richards is an old friend-humble

in circumstances—the young lady, Peyton, worth her weight in gold any day—have her myself if I could." 'How much you remind me of Mr. Bre nen,' said Charles one evening to Annie;

I think you said you were a relation of 'I am related to him through my moth-

er,' was the grave reply.

Mrs. Richards turned away to conceal a

Somewhat later than usual on that day Annie reached her father's house. There was no mistaking the expression of her countenance. Happiness was plainly writ-

'I see, I see,' said the old man; the necount is closed-books balanced-have it all through now in short order. You are a sensible girl-no foolish puss-just what I want-bless you, child, bless you."

The next day Paul came, for almost the first time in his life, rather late to his counting room. Casks and boxes seemed to be staring with wonder. "Copeland, heard from Mrs. Richards-

proposal to my relation—Peyton—all right—done up well. Come to my house this evening-never been there yet, eh?-eight o'clock precisely-want to see you-got something to say."
"Howmuch interest he seems to take in

this matter,"said Charles, "He's a kind old fellow in his way; a little rough, but good at heart."

Yes, Mr. Charles Copeland even kinder than you think for.

At eight o'clock precisely the door bell of Mr. Bremnesmansion rung. Mr. Charles Copeland was ushered in by friend James, Old Paul took him kindly by the hand and turning round abruptly, introduced him to "My daughter, Miss Annie Peyton Bremen,"and immediately withdrew. "Charles you will forgive me this?" He was too much astonished to make any reply. "If you knew all my motives and

feelings I am sure you would." That the motives and feelings were soo explained to his entire satisfaction no one will doubt.

'Copeland my dear fellow,' shouted old Paul, as he entered the room,' no use in a long engagement! O. Father.

'No use, I say; marry now-get rendy afterwards; next Monday evening; who cares? want it over; feel settled. Shan't part with Annie, though; must bring your wife here; house rather lonesome; be still; no words; must have it so; partner in business; Bremen & Copeland; got the pa pers all drawn up to-day; cant alter it .-Be quiet, will you; won't stay in the room!

I have now finished my story, reader; I have given you the facts. I cannot say, however, that I approve of the deception pose the good sense shown by the young lady in choosing a husband for the sake of what he was, and not for the sake of what he might have possessed merita our approknow just the thing for you wrime article he might have possessed marris our appro-

tion of mine-don't want to meddle with which surrounds the wealthy, and seek for other people's effairs—know your own bu- those qualities of mind and heart which siness best—can't help thinking you'll be the purse can neither give nor take it a-

> Review thus sums up the inevitable consequenes of being too fond of glory.

grown at home; taxes on the raw material; plan is to forgive and forget; to regard taxes on every fresh value that is added to cause which pampers man's apposite and have committed sins of omission or com drug which restores him to health; on the mission, that they have caused pain, im ed to his fathers to be taxed no more."

ces. Else they are rejected.

stock of cattle?

Physical defects of the most frightful we look for a more generous judgment in kind, moral defects of a repulsive charge- relation to our own infirmities. of men and women.

lifts the heart into the throat, and ever ex- very nature.

There are some individuals who seem disposed never to forgive or forget as in-THE Cost or Glost .-- The Edinburg jury, no matter how amply atoned for, or

how long perpetrated. They seek vengeance, and thus they nurse their bitter "Taxes upon every article which enters is a false policy in many points of view .feelings for years. - This, as it strikes us, into thet mouth or covers the back, or is It is difficult to pursue the journey of life, placed under the foot, taxes upon every thing which it is pleasant to see, bear, feel, smell, or tasts; taxes upon warmth, light and lecomotion; taxes on everything on earth, and in the waters, under the earth on every thing comes from abroad or is dissatisfaction and distrust. The wiser grown at home; taxes on the raw material:

NEVER

it by the industry of man; taxes on the The most candid often discover that they ermine which decerates the Judge and the paired confidence, and provoked ill will. They may not have intended any thing of man's salt and the rich man's spice, on the the kind, and yet, a hasty remark, or even brass unils of the coffin, and the ribots of the said the bride; at bed or hoard, couchant or lewant, we must pay. The school boy in the world, who are without enemies.—
It sometimes happens, too, that they cannot describe the part of the world where they gave del, on a taxed road; and the dying Eng-lishman, pouring his medicine which has paid seven per cent, flings himself back upon his chintz bed which has paid twenty two per cent, makes his will upon an eight two per cent., makes his will upon an eight ing still exists, that the enmity still lives, pound stamp, and expires in the arms of and that an opportunity is never lost on the an apothegary who has paid a license of a hundred pounds for the privilege of pathagard pounds for the ting him to death. The whole property ficult to bear all this, quietly. The better is then immediately taxed from two to ten per cent. Besides the probate, large fees the "little demons" of anger and passion are demanded for burying him in the chan-which always finds a place in the human el; his virtues are handed down to posteri-mind and the human heart, are apt to ty on taxed marble, and be is then gather-prompt a course of retaliation, and thus

Propagation.

A day or two since we happened to combine the carelessness with which marriages are contracted. Raisers of milking stock are as careful in their conjunction of animals as it is possible to be. Gentlemen as the other had travelled out of his way to attached to the turf are eminently scrupus assail him with more than ordinary warmth. lous and cautious in this respect. Vice of The reply was,—"I never nurse my enmind—weakness of the muscle; a want of mities. Life has troubles and anxieties courage and indurance; badaess of temper; enough in the present, without hunting up liability to disease, do each condemn a the difficulties of the past." The remark horse, and exclude him inexorably from the breeding yard. Only the best animals, raised and approved in severely contested races are employed in the production of or forget an offence—if we vex and per-houses for the turf. More than this, they plex ourselves in relation to things that have got to have pedigree, and come of ancesters of pure neighborhood, and dis-mourn the buried friends of other periods, inguished on one or both, sides for ther- memory will become a curse to us, and the oughbred qualities and great performan- darkness of the past will constitute a peres. Else they are rejected.

Are men and women bred with this noy. If, moreover, we do not forgive care any where in the world? . We do not others, how can we hope for: forgiveness know of a single locality where they are; ourselves? If again we magnify into seand yet what comparison of importance is rious errors the thoughtless indiscretion of there between the stock of men and the a man of passion, of pique or of prejudice,

ter, constitute too generally no bar what- " The frame of mind is most to be envied. ever to marriage in the United States .- which is at peace with all the world-Consumption is bred without a thought- which feels that it has never wilfully comscrofula is perpetuated-gout is unbesita- mitted a wrong or inflicted an injury-and tingly transmitted, while drunkenness is that therefore there exists no just cause crossed upon sobriety, and hereditary ly- for hostility or ill-will. Of course perfecing and steeling are sent down to a young tion cannot be found on earth. All are crop of theives and dodgers, and meanness, certain to err more or less; but it is in the laziness, greediness, selfishness and vul-garity are tumbled without hindrance into tional wrong, or to make reparation; and the common crucible of marriage, and re- this door, the cause for anger on the part ceived in the inexorable law of reproduct of the injured should cease. But how tion, as the characteristics of a generation often do we hear individuals exclaim, even on the receipt of a slight injury, that they Among human beings, constitutional de- "will pursue the offender to the grave." fects, and so thank God, are the moral ex- They forget their own errors and infirmipellencies. Yet the great majority of the ties, and often misapprehend the facts. people of this country set in defiance of Difficulties frequently occur, because of this physiological law-more probably in contrary views. One person may be firm

ly impressed with a particular version of a transaction, while another may recollect THE SCHOOL MASTER OF OUR REPUBLIC. the incident in a light or spirit exactly the -When our republic rose, Noah Webster reverse. Both, too, may be confident and became our school master. There had never been a great nation with a universal ensue, friendship be broken, enmity enlanguage without dialects. The Yorkshire-gendered? But if, in the excitement of man cannot now talk with a man from the hour, one or both should so forget the Cornwall. The peasant of the Ligarian proprieties of life as to use harsh and un-Appenines, drives his goats, home at authorized language, the honorable and wening, over hills that look down over six manly course is to take back the improper provinces, none of whose dialects he can words at the first opportunity, and thus, if talk. Here, five thousand miles change possible to repair the wrong, and neutralnot a word. Around every fireside, and from every tribune, in every field of labor, way of the world, generally speaking. and every factory of toil, is heard the same The unkind feeling thus hastily caused is We owe it to Webster. He has nursed, becomes a source of bitternes done more for us than Alfred did for Eng- through life, and often descends, unsoothland, or Cadmus for Greece. His books ed and unsatisfied to the grave. In most have educated three generations. They cases, neither party will explain. Often, are forever multiplying his innumerable too, the cause of difference is reported to army of thinkers, who will transmit his other persons and in exaggerated terms; name from age to age .- Glances at the Ace these repeat it again, until a deadly feud is produced. The enmity is nursed and strengthened from day to day and from THAT LETTLE WORD, Hoste, .- There is year to year, and finally becomes a pasmething in that little word nows which sion, and forms a part and parcel of the

cites intense emotion in the British soldier And yet, we repeat, this is all wrong. on service. Let, for instance, but the bu-gle of a light regiment play "Home, sweet repair, than to keep up a constant source home," in the evening about tatteo-time, of anxiety, especially if the error be ours, one of his characters say, of pen and ink would make a fortune for the Crimes, perceive and you will, here in the Crimes, perceive and though hor child fador and perishes, invention will yet be made. and you will, here in the Crimes, perceive or if it be musual. And even when we an uncasiness oreeping into every chatting know or believe that we are the aggriered circle; and then silence will ensue, and or injured party, it is at least magnanimmany a head will be turned aside from the ous to seek and be satisfied with an ex-

exhaust themselves until at last they fall and in one of them was a saw mill in

THE TWO METHODS OF STUDY .- There

away, into a funeral pall, the strong spirit is shorn of its might, and sorrow becomes our master. When trouble flows upon you, dark and heavy, toil not with the "Successful Impunition.—A conductor waves—wrestle not with the format!— on a New England railroad was recently rather seek, by occupation, to divert the summarily informed that after the end of

following waif, afloat on the 'sea of reading,' we clip from an exchange. We de not know its paternity; but it contains some position. wholesome truths beautifully set: 'Men seldom think of the great event of death until the shadow falls across their own swayed backward, until he tumbled off. path, hiding forever from their eyes the traces of the loved ones whose living smiles was the sunlight of their existence. Death is the great antagonist of life, and the cold thought of the tomb is the skeleton of all feasts. We do not go through the dark valley, although its passage may lead to Paradise; and, with Charles Lamb, we do pat want to lie down in the muddy grave even with kings and princes for our bed. Ego and Mink.—Take a fresh egg. fellows. But the fiat of Nature is in break it in a sauder, and with a th grass, and the countless multitude that hrongs the world to-day, will to-morrow disappear as the foot-prints on the shore.'

object that excited them cannot be enjoyed forever: What would life be worth without something to love? And since every-thing on earth is fleeting and perishable; we hold all our treasures here only at the will of the great Giver." But though they die, their memory does not perish. That blooms eternally. In their infinences on us, in the memory of their love, in the admiration of their virtues, the blessing of And this holds with peculiar force in the ease of children. The woman who has known the rapture of maternal love, is a Gen. Scott made his descent into the valgreater and nobler being for it. There ley of Mexico. were capacities of her soul, affection of her nature, of whose existence she was before

she has acquired almost a new faculty, she has found a new source of happiness, and

into premature graves. - Philadelphia En- eration, and in the other a flour-mill, in operation. Both mills were moved by a crank in the neck of each bottle. The The two Maynone or Stody.—There are two methods of study: the one is studying an author, the other may be called studying a subject. In the former case, the student purposes to make himself the master of the whole contents of a book; he diligently pursues it, and becomes familiar with the style and language, and sentiments of the writer. By the other methods of the student purpose to make himself the covering thirty-five years ago, by a person then a resident of New-York, but now deceased. He did it on a wager of \$5,000, which he won in less than three ments of the writer. By the other methods of the writer. with the style and language, and sentiments of the writer. By the other method, he followes up any particular branch of knowledge through all the books is which it may be found; searches in them for every passage that is to his purpose, and collects everywhere the scattered particles of information. Of these two methods of seeking knowledge, the first is much to be preferred. By diligently fixing the mind on one book at a time, the intellecture of the preferred of the collecture of the majority which is braced and pinned, and otherwise made atrong. The neck of each bottle is filled with a plug, which is keyed alone up to the neck. The mystery of mind on one book at a time, the intellectual faculties in the three branches of approhension, attention and memory, are exereised, disciplined and improved. Whereas, by the other practice, when a subject
is pursued by the help of indexs through
is pursued by the help of indexs through
is pursued by the help of indexs through

mentioned that he is in danger of impair- world of wos is contained in these few ing them. And no men of letters can safe- words to the artizen and mechanic! "I'll ly trust himself with this plan of study, the shall have first diligently wrought into his own mind firm habits of accurate attention, by long practice of the other.

Occupation a Haim for Sorrow. the "little demons" of anger and passion which always finds a place in the human mind and the human heart, are apt to prompt a course of retaliation, and thus the parties become still more widely september. Those who work the labor of your own hands, and it may be easily imagined what a glory wild the maniless entirely up.

> dark waters that threaten to overwhelm the week his services would not be requiryou, into a thousand chartels which the duties of life always present. Before you and the name was given him. He then dream of it, those waters will fertilize the present, and give birth to fresh flowers that may brighten the future—flowers that to obtain a satisfactory explanation, a little will become pure and holy in the sunshine which penetrates to the path of duty, in spite of obstacle. Grief, after all, is but a selfish feeling: and most selfish is the man who yields himself to the indulgence of any passion which can bring no joy to his fellow man!
>
> That fellow you have observe design to the in my plant of the indulgence of any passion which can bring no joy to his fellow man! EXTRACT FOR THE SCREEN MINDED.—The place, has got to get all these things.' It is said the argument was correlative, and the conductor was allowed to retain his

exorable. There is no appeal of relief from pronged fork best it until it is as thick as the great law which dooms us to dust. We batter: have ready half a pint of new flourish and we fade as the leaves of the forest, and the flower that blooms and with egg into the milk, and serve it with a process. ers in a day, has not a frailer hold upon of sponge cake or slice of toast. It is coniifs than the mightiest monarch that ever sidered very light, nourishing food for an shock the earth with his footsteps. Generations of men appear and vanish as the

CAMPHOR A REMEDITION MICE. -- Any one desirous of keeping seeds from the Departed Loved Ones.

It is infinitely better to mourn the loss of a good, than never to have known it.—
Give me friends even though I must see them pass away. Letthe fountains of true affection be stirred within me, though the phiese that excited them cannot be energed.

The Paw Paw Free Press, of the 14th ult., says it is estimated that one thousand deer have been slain in Van Buren sounty within the last three months; and from the village of Paw Paw alone, during that time, six bundred venison have been shipped to the Eastern and Western mar-

AN ARMY OF OFFICE SPERSON .- It was recently stated by a New York paper that the number of candidates for effice in that city was a little over eight thousand, be-

To INVENTORS .- The Scientific scarcely conscious, and these have now can says that a pencil which would give a become active and manifest. She can say clear block stroke and inscribe indellible as Goethe, the great German post makes characters on paper so as to supply the use one of his characters say.

A gentleman by the name of Luc